The Time for Poetry

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Peter Dayan

(for Jim, who always knew someone else was controlling him)

> *J'aurais aimé, bien sûr, mais je n'aurais jamais eu le temps de le faire, inscrire tout mon propos dans une lecture de Lewis Carroll.*
>
> Jacques Derrida, *L'animal que donc je suis*[1]

> Although I don't have time to do so,[2] I would of course have liked to inscribe my whole talk within a reading of Lewis Carroll.
>
> Jacques Derrida, *The Animal That Therefore I Am*[3]

Of course, '*bien sûr*' . . . Derrida would never have found the time to finish anything, to get to the end of anything, to see anything through properly, to do what he would have wanted to do. But perhaps the time that he would never have had was only one kind: the philosophical kind, the kind we are aware of as distinctively human. Perhaps there is another time, animal and poetic, which he did find.

The paragraph from *L'animal que donc je suis* (*The Animal That Therefore I am*) of which I have quoted the first sentence continues thus:

> *Il n'est pas sûr, d'ailleurs, que je ne le fasse pas, bon gré mal gré, en silence, inconsciemment ou à votre insu. Il n'est pas sûr que je ne l'aie pas déjà fait quand un jour, il y a quelque dix ans, j'ai donné la parole ou laissé le passage à un petit hérisson, un nourisson hérisson, peut-être, devant la question: "Qu'est-ce que la poésie?" Car la pensée de l'animal, s'il y en a, revient à la poésie, voilà une thèse, et c'est ce dont la philosophie, par essence, a dû se priver. C'est la différence entre un savoir philosophique et une pensée poétique.* (23)

In fact you can't be certain that I am not doing that, for better or for worse, silently, unconsciously, or without

> your knowing. You can't be certain that I didn't already do it one day when, ten years ago, I let speak or let pass a little hedgehog, a suckling hedgehog [*un nourisson hérisson*] perhaps, before the question "What is Poetry?" For thinking concerning the animal, if there is such a thing, derives from poetry[4]. There you have a thesis: it is what philosophy has, essentially, had to deprive itself of. It is the difference between philosophical knowledge and poetic thinking. (7)

So there is, after all, according to Derrida, a difference between philosophy and poetry — or rather, between philosophical knowledge and poetic thought. They do not happen in (or at) the same time. And the second time, the time that is not present, which is the time of poetry, is defined, here, by reference to the animal.

Is this not a strange notion? After all, what could be more distinctively human than poetry? Is it not poetry that raises man above the beasts? What animal could ever write or understand poetry? Of course, those questions miss the point. Poetry is indeed human, doubtless. But it only comes into existence when humans forget to think in an exclusively human way, when they allow their voices and their ears also to be animal, to listen to the animal, to that which is not distinctively human; in a word, to forget to be philosophical. The opposition between the philosophical and the animal is in the first place a question of time. My aim, in this essay, will be to suggest that the time of poetry, which is a time in which the animal is indistinct from the human, is a time in which the boundaries between life and death are also not distinct as they are in philosophical thought; which is what allows poetry to be immortal — and all of us, as poetic animals, to share something of that immortality.

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Let us examine a little more closely the passage from *L'animal que donc je suis* which I quoted above. Derrida, as he elaborates for us arguments that clearly display philosophical understanding and intelligence, and that require our philosophical attention, never has the time to put those arguments in the context of the literary work. But perhaps, he says, he is actually doing what he would never have had the time to do, '*en silence, inconsciemment ou à votre insu*' ('silently, unconsciously, or without your

knowing'). Or perhaps he has done it, in the past, ten years ago, when he let a hedgehog speak. He cannot do it now, in front of us, as a demonstration; but he can do it in silence, or in an other time, or unconsciously, without us knowing. (Did he know, at the time, what he was doing? Let us leave that question open.) Knowing, here, defines the space in which poetry cannot happen. The time of philosophy is the time of knowing; the time of poetry is the unknown time in which the animal speaks for us, which is not now.

But when might it be? We can never locate it precisely, because we can never locate the animal precisely. The clearest thing that Derrida tells us about the animal is that we do not know, because we cannot say, what the animal distinctively is.

> *Chaque fois que "on" dit "L'Animal", chaque fois que le philosophe, ou n'importe qui, dit au singulier et sans plus "L'Animal", en prétendant désigner ainsi tout vivant qui ne serait pas l'homme* (. . .), *eh bien, chaque fois, le sujet de cette phrase, ce "on", ce "je" dit une bêtise.* (53–4)
>
> Whenever "one" says "The Animal", each time a philosopher, or anyone else, says "The Animal" in the singular and without further ado, claiming thus to designate every living thing that is not held to be human (. . .), well, each time the subject of that statement, this "one", this "I", does that he utters an *asinanity* [bêtise].[5] (31)

And why? Because the animal is not a singular. When we speak of something, about something, in our own voice, we speak for ourselves, as singular named or namable individuals. I know what I know, and I may try to persuade you of it. The animal, however, is not singular, and never persuades. It is named only by man; of itself, it is anonymous; which does not mean that it has no identity, but rather that its identity cannot be resumed under a name.

But have I not said, there, something stupid, since it is a generalisation about animals, and all generalisations about animals are stupid? Perhaps . . . what I have said would be stupid if one read it as an attempt to designate the Animal, as distinct from the human. However, perhaps stupidity, 'bêtise', is not necessarily a problem if what one says about animals is allowed to contaminate the human. I have said that the

animal is not singular, and that its identity cannot be resumed under a name. Philosophers might argue about whether humans are singular or namable. But poetry, as we shall see, Derrida's poetry at least, is clear on this point: we cannot assume that humans are, in this respect, different from animals. Poetry blurs the philosophical distinctness of the individual named human voice. The great philosophical tradition that Derrida associates, in *L'animal que donc je suis*, with the names of Descartes, Kant, Heidegger, Lacan, and Lévinas, is defined by its refusal of that blurring; by which it comes also to refuse poetry, as Derrida understands it. And that refusal of the blurring is, perhaps, more than anything else, motivated, it seems, by a need to set strict boundaries to life.

'Thou shalt not kill': this, says Derrida, is presented by Lévinas as the first of all commandments.[6] Life is sacred. But whose life? The life of humans; of humans with faces, of our brothers. Levinas's commandment does not include animals. And how could it? Human life would become simply impossible if we could not decide which species we are and are not allowed to kill. In fact, human life would never have been possible in the first place if we had not been allowed to kill non-humans. It follows that we actually have two definitions of life. One is biological; in that sense, ticks are as alive as we are, and they die as we do, they are as mortal as we are. But that definition is not enough for religion, for morality, for society, or for philosophy. For them, humans have a different kind of life and death. Philosophy and religion (monotheistic religions, at least) tell us that animals are not alive quite in the same way as us; therefore, they do not die in the same way. They are not mortal in the same way as us. When this non-mortality of the animal is seen out of the time of philosophy, it appears an immortality; and when we can allow ourselves, outwith the time of knowing, to lose our sense of our distinctive humanity, we can share that animal condition. So perhaps, then, we really have not two definitions of life, but three. One is the biological. The second is the philosophical, or ethical, that tends to see humans as alive in a way that animals are not. And the third, the only one in which we can posthume, is animal or poetic.

What is that philosophically distinctive quality of humanity that makes us mortal, in a way that animals are not? It is plain from the beginning of *L'animal que donc je suis* that it has to do with naming,

with the giving of names; with the distinctiveness as well as with the fraternity of human individuals, each with his or her own face; and with the creation of myths, of fictions. It is by names that man distinguishes himself from the animal; it is by his name that his death, as the death of a human, is recorded. But before returning to the name, let us take a detour through the work of another immortal figure who, like Lewis Carroll in my first quotation, is named in *L'animal que donc je suis*, without Derrida having the time, he says, to follow through the reference as he might have liked.

> *Dans sa* Philosophie de la musique *(à l'occasion d'une remarque sur Beethoven qu'il serait intéressant d'approfondir si on en avait le temps),*[7] *Adorno, lui, n'hésite pas à juger "suspecte", "si suspecte"* (so suspekt) *la notion kantienne de "dignité"* (Würde) *accordée à l'homme seul "au nom de l'autonomie".* (139)
>
> In his *Philosophy of Music* (in the context of a remark concerning Beethoven that it would be interesting to delve deeper into if we had time), Adorno for his part does not hesitate to judge as "suspect", "so suspect [*so suspekt*]," Kant's notion of "dignity," which is given to the human only "in the name of autonomy." (100)

What Derrida does have time for — he spends several pages teasing out the implications of half a dozen brief sentences in Adorno's fragment — is the philosophical question of how and why humans accord themselves, in the Kantian tradition, a certain autonomy, a capacity for self-determination, which they refuse to animals; to the Kantian, this self-determination confers a dignity, and hence a superiority, on the human which the animal cannot share. Derrida has, after all, quite a lot of time for philosophy; more than for music or for poetry. What he does not have time for, this time, is the short 'remarque sur Beethoven' which is the occasion, the inspiration, for Adorno's critique of Kantian anthropocentrism. Derrida neither quotes nor comments on that remark, which comes at the very end of the passage. Here is the last third of Adorno's fragment:

> Nothing is more abhorrent to the Kantian than a reminder of man's resemblance to animals. This taboo is always at

> work when the idealist berates the materialist. Animals play for the idealist system virtually the same role as the Jews for fascism. To revile man as an animal — that is genuine idealism. To deny the possibility of salvation for animals absolutely and at any price is the inviolable boundary of its metaphysics. — And to this the sombre aspects of Beethoven are precisely related.[8]

What are these 'sombre aspects of Beethoven'? The preceding fragments make it clear enough. There is something about Beethoven which Adorno does not like: Beethoven sometimes appears to him too close for comfort to a certain human triumphalism, a sense of superiority which, for Adorno, is linked philosophically with Kant, but politically with fascism. For Adorno, this is not only a philosophical and moral weakness; it is also a musical one. He enjoys Beethoven's music as art precisely to the extent that he can see in it a victory over this philosophical, idealist, anti-animal triumphalism. And the contrary of philosophical triumphalism, the quality of true music, of the Beethoven that Adorno appreciates, is called: poetic. Understanding how Beethoven is *not* poetic is therefore the key to appreciating his limits.

> The concert *overtures* often represent, in relation to the symphonic style, a further *simplification*. In Beethoven, the poetic element is subjected not to a prolific elaboration but, on the contrary, to a drastic *reduction* at the expense of mediating characters. An antithetical bareness — nowhere is the *classicist* moment in Beethoven more pronounced than here. The overtures of *Coriolan* and *Egmont* are like movements from symphonies for children. *William Tell* is somewhat similar.[9]

Coriolan, Egmont, William Tell . . . three national heroes; three named men. Their 'overtures' are opposed, in their 'antithetical bareness', to the 'symphonic style'. Beethoven's symphonies name no heroes; the Eroica famously had Napoleon's name removed from it. And in that anonymity, the 'poetic element', despite its reduction, can survive. But in the overtures, that element falls, as music becomes attached to the

affirmation of the individual warrior. It becomes lucid; and that cannot, in music, be satisfying. Whose voice should be heard in music? This ought to be as blurred as the boundary between animal and man. But Beethoven, unfortunately, in his pompous moments, appears to tell us for whom his music speaks — not for everyone, certainly not for all life including the animal, but for the Germanic, the warrior, the hero. Continuing the fragment from where we left off:

> Because of this, despite the striking effects, certain weaknesses of Beethoven, which are splendidly mastered elsewhere, show themselves here. Hence the crucial importance of these pieces as key to the critical moment in Beethoven. A certain rough-fistedness (. . .) and thereby an *emptiness*. (The *Egmont* overture in particular, despite its more lucid articulation, or even because of it, is deeply unsatisfying.) Here (. . .) the impressive force of the symphonic element takes on something brutal, Germanic, triumphalist. The entanglement of lucidity with pomp (. . .) comes to the fore.[10]

Why, if Adorno likes these pieces so much less than the symphonies, are they of 'crucial importance', as 'key to the critical moment in Beethoven'? The answer is that to define music, one has to say what it is not. No critic, not even Adorno, can quite manage to say what music is; it has to be defined in relief, by means of foils, by the casting out of non-music, which is much easier to characterise in language. Non-music written by a musical genius is therefore of the highest value to the critic; its distinction is the critical moment. Of course, that distinction is, in fact, as mobile in relation to the actual music as the boundary between human and animal. Adorno may find *Egmont* deeply unsatisfying, more so than Beethoven's other overtures; does everyone? and for the same reasons as Adorno? But that fact itself is a defining factor of the critical moment. To find true music, Adorno needs to separate out the triumphalist from the poetic, the named hero from the subject of the symphony, who has no name. He locates the name which, for him, is the source of the falsely lucid voice in art, in the titles of Beethoven's overtures. However, that is not the only locus for it that he might have spotlighted. It is always possible to associate names

with music, at many different levels. What of the name of Beethoven himself? Adorno clearly wishes to save Beethoven for music; and to do so, he must save something in Beethoven's music from being in Beethoven's voice, even though he cannot help naming him. To achieve this, to save Beethoven from becoming the named voice of his own music, Adorno must transfer, in the critical moment, the name to other characters, mediating characters, to allow music to escape unnamed.

To recapitulate: wherever Adorno locates the name, the name identified with a lucid, speaking voice, music will not be there; it will be elsewhere. Criticism can never find music. It can only find the namable. To save music, then, criticism must always distance it from what it finds. Music must never be there as the object of its discourse. It must be constantly displaced by the name. And that, indeed, seems to be Adorno's position, his predicament and his enduring strength. He knows that the 'critical moment', the time of his writing, can only ever concern what is not quite yet (or is no longer) music. Music is on the far side of the critical moment — where it meets up with the other life, the other kind of life, the deathless life of the un-named.

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Do animals have music? Traditionally, yes, since whales and blackbirds sing. Derrida follows that tradition: in *L'animal que donc je suis*, animals, though they are not poets, can be musicians. Their music is evidence, according to Derrida, that they have a certain kind of self-awareness, an ability to point at or exhibit themselves, which philosophers have tried to present as distinctively and exclusively human:

> *Les phénomènes d'exhibition narcissique dans la séduction ou dans la guerre sexuelle, le "suis-moi qui te suis" qui se déploie en couleurs, en musique, en parures, parades ou érections de toutes sortes, qui peut nier qu'ils relèvent d'une autodéictique?* (133)
>
> Who can deny that phenomena of narcissistic exhibition in seduction or sexual combat, the "follow me who is (following) you" deployed in colors, music, adorments, parades, or erections of all sorts derive from such an auto-deixis? (95)

But there is a fundamental difference between this animal music, which an animal individual uses to exhibit itself, and music as it is discussed by cultural theorists such as Adorno. It is this: the animal's music has no name attached. Perhaps it does exhibit the individual: each robin sings against the next robin, to guard its territory; and yet it does not appear, at least to us, at least in Derrida's analysis, to structure itself as an expression of the uniqueness, the difference, the signature, the lucid speaking voice of that individual. Beethoven's music can give rise to the critical moment because Beethoven himself has a unique place in history, and the critic can root his demonstration of what music is not in the names that form a constellation around that unique Beethovenian place. With the animal, matters are different — at least, apparently.

Beethoven, as we all know, wrote music. And the robin? Did he write his music himself? Or did it come to him? And what if Beethoven's music also, in fact, came to him? Beethoven spoke of the Spirit which moved him, as if his music were dictated to him from outwith his sense of self; a feeling shared by many composers. And that moving spirit leads us to another critical moment, identical in structure to the critical moment in music.

Critically, the work of each poet can and must be traced back until its historical character emerges, just as Adorno brings out the character of bourgeois heroism in Beethoven's music. But the poet's work must also, at the same time, or perhaps in another time, like music, refuse all such questioning, and assume an unsigned otherness which is essentially animal in nature. That is the clear principle behind Derrida's answer to the question: what is poetry? The central character of his essay 'Che cos'è la poesia?' is a hedgehog; and the essay conspicuously contains not a single proper name. It figures poetry as essentially learnt by heart, from the outside, dictated by the other, by a nameless other. Like apparently instinctive animal behaviour, like the hedgehog rolling itself up in a ball as danger approaches, poetry is not something that depends on the free will or autonomous subjectivity of the individual; it seems to have been determined elsewhere. Named human selves do not create it, but rather receive it — and perhaps, in receiving it, put their names in the balance, in the critical moment. In the time of the poem, we do not know who we are. More specifically: we are not autotelic; we are not aware of our own ends.

Derrida's poetry, then, is a hedgehog, unable to determine its behaviour in the service of its own ends, as a named human might; as a vehicle approaches, it does not run, but rolls itself up on the road. Will it die? Can it die? Should we, as we read his essay, worry about the death of poetry? Obviously, if it were a human rolled up on the road, we would know that he or she would be facing death (or rather, refusing to face death, and for that very reason unable to escape), and we would worry about it. The premiss of this essay is that there is another kind of death, animal and poetic, which is not to be worried about in the same way. It is not an event or an object open to knowledge; it does not happen in the time of knowledge.

What Derrida asks us to call a poem is:

> *un hérisson catachrétique, toutes flèches dehors, quand cet aveugle sans âge entend mais ne voit pas venir la mort.*
>
> *Le poème peut se rouler en boule mais c'est encore pour tourner ses signes aigues vers le dehors. Il peut certes réfléchir la langue ou dire la poésie mais il ne se rapporte jamais à lui-même, il ne se meut jamais de lui-même comme ces engins porteurs de mort. Son événement interrompt toujours ou dévoie le savoir absolu, l'être auprès de soi dans l'autotélie. Ce "démon du cœur" jamais ne se rassemble, il s'égare plutôt (délire ou manie), il s'expose à la chance, il se laisserait plutôt déchiqueter par ce qui vient sur lui.*
>
> *Sans sujet: il y a peut-être du poème et qui* se laisse, *mais je n'en écris jamais. Un poème je ne le signe jamais. L'autre signe. Le* je *n'est qu'à la venue de ce désir: apprendre par cœur.*[11]

a catachrestic *hérisson*, its arrows held at ready, when this ageless blind thing hears but does not see death coming.

The poem can roll itself up in a ball, but it is still in order to turn its pointed signs toward the outside. To be sure, it can reflect language or speak poetry, but it never relates back to itself, it never moves by itself like those machines, bringers of death. Its event always interrupts or derails absolute knowledge, autotelic being in proximity to itself.[12] This "demon of the heart" never gathers itself together, rather it loses itself and gets off the track[13] (delirium or mania), it

> exposes itself to chance, it would rather let itself be torn to pieces by what bears down upon it.
>
> Without a subject: poem, perhaps there is some, and perhaps it *leaves itself*,[14] but I never write any. A poem, I never sign(s) it. The other sign(s). The *I* is only at the coming of this desire: to learn by heart.

The poem, that catachrestic hedgehog, cannot defend itself against death. But that is not a weakness or a failing. It is a sign that it does not recognise what we call life.

Mortality is the condition of man because we think we are, each one of us as an individual, alive. Our awareness of being alive takes the form of knowledge: we know what we are, distinctively, we see ourselves and name ourselves as alive, and when one of us dies, it is a named individual, each time unique, who dies. But the poem, like the animal, gives itself no name that belongs to the living. And the living author of the poem must renounce the desire to sign it. Of course, there is a time for the signature, and no one has analysed that more carefully than Derrida; but there is also a time for the signature to fall. The poem must be abandoned by the living. It must be left. It cannot be known; it cannot speak its name; it can only be learnt by heart, entire. It is not individually alive, and therefore it cannot die.

Can an animal die, or is it, a catachrestic poem, immortal as that object we call poetry? The question, biologically speaking, is silly. However, in *L'animal que donc je suis*, Derrida puts together an impressive amount of evidence that, to those who have thought most rigorously about what life means to us in the philosophical form of knowledge, animals appear immortal; not immortal in the sense that they live forever, but immortal in the sense that they cannot die, they cannot know what we call death. Lacan follows Heidegger, Derrida tells us, in maintaining that '*l'animal ne meurt pas*' ('the animal doesn't die').[15] Lévinas (in keeping with his principle that 'Thou shalt not kill' refers only to humans, because only humans are truly alive) similarly supposes that animals do not die; for him, too, '*l'animal ne meurt pas*' ('the animal doesn't die').[16] The same applies to Benjamin, who implies that since animals have no name, the structure of dying is refused to them.[17] Benjamin's point might seem to be congenial to Derridean thought on the name. After all, Derrida had written, in '*Che cos'è*

la poesia?', of the addressee of poetry as '*l'être perdu dans l'anonymat*' ('the being lost in anonymity'),[18] and, because of that anonymity, like a hedgehog, unaware that rolling oneself up in a ball on the road is inappropriate behaviour. To receive poetry, it would seem, is to be unnamed; to be unnamed is to be an animal; to be an animal is to be blind to the approach of death.

Is this another generalisation about animals, and therefore stupid? Yes, if one sees this death-defying anonymity as a defining characteristic of animals as opposed to humans; which is how it appears to the philosophers whom Derrida cites. No, if we allow humans to acquire that characteristic, to become animal, as poetry lets them do. Derrida always objects to such ideas when he finds them simply supporting a philosophical system. He chips away compulsively at the barriers that they are used to erect, between the animal and the human. But he never aims to destroy those barriers, to eliminate the oppositional categories of philosophical knowledge. Rather, the effect of the breaches that Derrida makes in these barriers is, here as always, to allow mutual contamination. Animals must be allowed, after all, to die like humans, aware of and pointing to themselves as if they had names. At the same time, humans must be allowed to be blind to death like animals. If I may refine my metaphor: what Derridean analysis really achieves is not a breaching of barriers, but their transformation into membranes permeable in both directions. Between human and animal, named and unnamed, poetry and prose, mortal and immortal, seepage occurs. Reading Derrida, one certainly learns to appreciate this process. After which, the question becomes: what determines whether we see that seepage, or deny it (as philsophers do)? And what decides which way it appears to occur, through the membranes? When do we see humans as like animals, and when do we see animals as like humans? When do they become individuals, and when do we lose our philosophical subjecthood? When do we lend animals our mortality, and when do we borrow their inability to die? An answer presents itself at least to this last form of the question, quietly but more and more firmly. It was as addressees of poetry that, in '*Che cos'è la poesia?*', human subjects acquired the animal's blindness to approaching death. It is art that makes the difference, whether poetry, music, painting, or dance; art as distinct from knowledge or understanding, 'savoir'. In the time of philosophy, we know, we name, we live and then we die. In the

time of poetry, we lose our name, and we become as immortal as a singing bird.

Notes

[1] Jacques Derrida, *L'animal que donc je suis* (Paris, Galilée, 2006), 23. All such references in brackets to quotations in French are to this book. I trust I will be forgiven for quoting the original French as well as the published English translation. As we will see, the translation sometimes does not render features of Derrida's argument which are germane to mine; where this happens, I have allowed myself to comment on the translation, referring back to the original.

[2] A more literal translation here would be: 'Although I would never have had the time to do so'.

[3] Jacques Derrida, *The Animal That Therefore I Am*, edited by Marie-Louise Mallet, translated by David Wills (New York, Fordham University Press, 2008), 7. All such references in brackets to quotations in English are to this book.

[4] The translation gives here a possible sense of Derrida's French, but misses the most obvious one, and a careful ambiguity. One could also translate: 'The animal's thought, if it exists, belongs to poetry'. In other words, Derrida does not distinguish, here, between what the animal thinks, and what we think of the animal; which allows for the possibility that poetry arises when we think *like* animals, rather than *of* animals.

[5] Derrida plays here on the fact that the word '*bêtise*', which would normally be taken to mean 'something stupid', is plainly derived from '*bête*', which, as a noun, means 'beast', or animal as opposed to human.

[6] See, in *L'animal que donc je suis*, 152; in *The Animal That Therefore I Am*, 110.

[7] The book to which Derrida is referring is a collection of Adorno's unpublished writings on Beethoven, set out as a series of 370 fragments; the fragment in question is numbered (by the editor) 202. Derrida works from the original edition in German; I have quoted the English translation: *Beethoven: The Philosophy of Music*, fragments and texts edited by Rolf Tiedemann, translated by Edmund Jephcott (Cambridge, Polity Press, 1998).

[8] Adorno, 80.

[9] Adorno, 78.

[10] Adorno, 78–9.

[11] '*Che cos'è la poesia*?'; both the French and Peggy Kamuf's English translation are given in *A Derrida Reader: Between the Blinds* edited by Peggy Kamuf (Hemel Hempstead, Harvester Wheatsheaf, 1991), 234–7.

[12] Perhaps I might be permitted to clarify the syntax of the English (there is no ambiguity in the French): 'absolute knowledge' and 'autotelic being' are both objects (syntactically in parallel) of the verbs 'interrupts' and 'derails'.

[13] Does this expression, in the English, suggest that the hedgehog gets out of the way of the oncoming vehicle? Certainly, there is no such suggestion in the French.

[14] Or: '*it can be left*', by an unspecified subject.

[15] See, in *L'animal que donc je suis*, 176; in *The Animal That Therefore I Am*, 129.

[16] In *L'animal que donc je suis*, 154; in *The Animal That Therefore I Am*, 111.

[17] In *L'animal que donc je suis*, 39; in *The Animal That Therefore I Am*, 19–20.

[18] '*Che cos'è la poesia*?' in *A Derrida Reader: Between the Blinds*, 222–3.

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